

Silent Worker

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Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

THE AMERICAN ANNALS OF THE DEAF.

WE are always inclined to judge in some degree of the standing of a profession or association of any kind by the merit, literary and other, of the periodical which is its accredited organ. Tried by this standard the American teachers of the deaf may well be proud of the *Annals*, as the magazine which stands as their official representative and which gives publicity to their views on questions relating to their work. It is in point of size a modest periodical, in magazine form, averaging about 70 pages to each issue, and appearing, up to the present number, quarterly, but hereafter its increasing popularity and usefulness will oblige it to come out bi-monthly. It has always been conducted with an entire absence of prejudice for or against any faction or school of thought and practice—no echo of the fierce strife between oralist and manualist, between sign-maker and dactylogist resounds in its editorial sanctum. To secure admission to its columns an article must convey thought or information of some value, must have a certain degree of literary merit and must be free from offensive personality. Within these limitations writers, whatever their views, are equally welcome. The life time of the *Annals*, including several years of suspended animation, covers a period of forty-eight years, and as it was the first periodical of its class in the world, it has been for the greater part of the time the only one of its kind. It is not invidious to say that it stands now, as it always has stood, the foremost literary exponent of the work of teaching the deaf. In October, 1847, the teachers of the American Asylum, (Old Hartford) the pioneer in the education of the deaf in America, began the publication of the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb* as a quarterly magazine. Under their management the *Annals* was published for two years, when it proved too heavy a burden for the narrow basis of support which it had as the organ of a single institution. But in August, 1850, the first Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb was held at the New York Institution, when the *Annals* was resuscitated after its one year of apparent death, and was continued under the auspices of the national body of teachers of the deaf. Mr. Luzerne Rae, who had been the editor under the old management,

again took charge of the work. Mr. Rae was a man of exquisite literary taste, and the touch of the artist—the style which, according to the French proverb, "is the man," is apparent in all his writings.

If our judgment is correct he might, by devoting himself more to general literature, have made for himself a recognized place among Ameri-

Porter continued to edit the *Annals* until 1861, when, "owing to the disturbed condition of the country," publication was indefinitely suspended. It speaks well for the self-control and humanity of teachers of the deaf that in that crater of the volcano of patriotism and belligerency and civil strife, the parting word of the editor was a hope that the war "might have

In looking through the published volumes of the *Annals*, the statement of the present editor appears to be well within the truth. "The *Annals* comprises within its published volumes the best and most important part of the literature of deaf-mute instruction, excepting, of course, textbooks—in the English language, and many valuable translations of foreign works, new and old."

One noteworthy feature is the quantity and quality of the material contributed by the deaf themselves, mostly graduates of our American schools. Among the contributors of this class, whose work is on a level with the best, appearing, as it does, with articles by President Dwight, Prof. A. Graham Bell, Rev. Richard S. Storrs, and others of the same standing, are some who call for special mention. Rev. Henry W. Syle, a man of real genius and of entire consecration to his work, is represented by some statistical work and by one or two articles on psychological subjects. Mrs. Mary Toles Peet has several very pretty occasional poems. Mr. John Carlin—a most interesting personality—contributes several valuable studies, from the inside, of the mental processes of the deaf-mute child, and an ingenious though rather visionary plan for a community of deaf-mutes. Mr. Carlin was for many years the leading artist in New York in the then popular line of miniature painting, in which he acquired a competence. Mr. John R. Burnett, of Livingston, N. J., we remember as an apparently feeble old man whose appearance was a compound of rusticity and venerable dignity. But the mention of a rare book or a curious fact of history acted on him like the scent of the battle on Job's war horse, and instantly his tremulous fingers would be racing at headlong speed over the paper or in the mazes of the finger alphabet, pouring out in elegant English a torrent of obscure and forgotten lore on the subject. He is one of the most voluminous and ablest contributors to the early numbers of the *Annals*. Mr. Wm. Angus, Mr. W. M. Chamberlain, Prof. M. Ballard and other deaf-mutes have much that is of value to say in these volumes.

The literature of the education of the deaf and of subjects bearing in any way upon this, in ancient and modern languages, has been explored and many valuable and curious writings have been thus brought to notice. We find from the Latin, epitomes of



DR. EDWARD ALLAN FAY—EDITOR, "AMERICAN ANNALS OF THE DEAF."

can authors, both in prose and verse. One little poem of his is still found in hymn books and is a favorite with many:

"I shine in the light of God.
His image stamps my brow."

Mr. Rae died suddenly in 1854 and was succeeded by Prof. Samuel Porter, of New York, now of Gallaudet College, Washington. Prof. Porter, though less widely known than his brother, formerly President of Yale, is perhaps in scholarship and in power of thought not a lesser man. Prof.

such a final issue as would have no tendency to weaken or sever the bonds of fraternal intercourse between the institutions for the deaf and dumb throughout the land." In 1868, at the First Conference of Principals, it was decided to revive the *Annals*, and Prof. Lewellyn Pratt, of Washington, was appointed Editor. In 1870, Prof. Pratt left the work of teaching the deaf to accept a Professorship in Williams College and Dr. Edward A. Fay took his place, which he has held continuously to the present time.

the important work of Dalgarno, the curious book of Van Helmont and others. Translations from the French, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Norwegian and Finnish are given here and there. Dr. Brown-Sequard, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Monboddo and Bishop Burnet are names of a few of the distinguished authors from whom the editors or correspondents of the *Annals* have taken matter of interest in some way to those concerned in the care of the deaf.

The tone which the *Annals* has maintained for the last quarter of a century, and the position which it holds to-day must be attributed in large measure to the influence of its editor, Dr. Edward Allen Fay. Not only have his own contributions to its pages been marked by the qualities which give the *Annals* its character, but by establishing a standard they have led those who write for it to prepare their articles with greater care.

Professor Fay is the son of Rev. Barnabas M. Fay, who was for many years a teacher of the deaf and for ten years Principal of the Michigan Institution.

He was graduated in 1862 from the University of Michigan, and was at once appointed a teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In 1865, President E. M. Gallaudet, in forming a Faculty for the newly established College for the Deaf at Washington, with his usual keen eye for unusual ability offered Mr. Fay the position of Professor of Languages, which he accepted. Although already well fitted, by his attainments at college, supplemented by constant private study, for his duties, he took a course in Johns Hopkins University, soon after its opening, receiving its degree of Ph.D.

Since 1875, he has been Vice-President of the College, and during Dr. Gallaudet's absence in Europe in 1855-57, he was the acting President. He has been approached with very flattering offers to go elsewhere, but has refused, preferring to devote his time to the cause of the deaf. He is a well-known contributor to the *Journal of Philology* and to *Modern Language Notes*. His most important work, is his "Concordance to the *Divina Commedia*." It is rather singular that, much as Dante has been studied, no other scholar has ever undertaken and completed a similar work. Such a book was begun by an Italian scholar, but was not carried to completion. A work of this character, while, of course invaluable to a small class of highly cultivated persons, offers no pecuniary reward and very little personal recognition beyond the circle of the "fit and few" who profit by his labors.

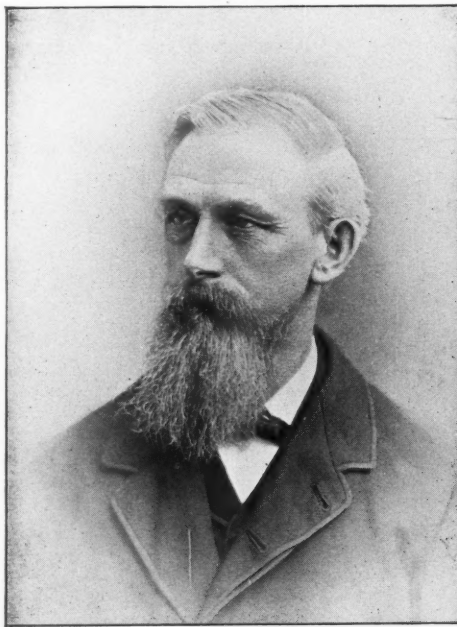
Dr. Fay has a marked turn for statistics, and besides his regular work on the tables given in the *Annals*, has been for some years engaged in collecting and collating statis-

tics of marriages of the deaf in America, a work of magnitude and importance. We understand that the material is now very nearly ready for publication. To this work, as to every thing he has undertaken, Dr. Fay has brought the habits of accuracy, of impartiality, of sincerity which have secured from all who know him absolute confidence in his character and in his work.

The cut of Dr. Fay, which we are able to give with this article, will be recognized by his friends as an excellent likeness.

The *American Annals of the Deaf*, as the magazine is now officially designated, is on a firmer foundation than ever, and can but be increasingly useful to the cause of the deaf, to which it has always been faithfully devoted.

J.



REV. CHARLES R. MILLS.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

REV. CHARLES R. MILLS.

The founding of a school for deaf-mutes in China a few years ago awakened considerable interest among those who have at heart the welfare of the deaf as a class. The pupils of the New Jersey School raised one hundred dollars by a fair for the benefit of this undertaking. In our issue for October, 1893, may be seen a cut showing the building of the school at Tung-Chow in process of erection. News has lately come of the death of Rev. Charles R. Mills, the head of the Presbyterian Mission at that city and the husband of the devoted woman who has conducted the instruction of the deaf pupils of that school. Dr. Mills was in many respects a typical American. Born on a farm, afterwards learning the art of printing, he had a thirst for a higher education and made his

way through college, taking the valedictory, and through Princeton Theological Seminary. He went to China as a missionary, and in connection with his work at Shanghai established a printing office, in which for the first time a practicable adaptation of typographical methods to the Chinese syllabic alphabet was worked out. In 1879, he revisited America, his wife having died, and brought with him his deaf-mute boy, then ten years old, whom he placed in the Western New York School at Rochester. He became much interested in the school and especially in one of the teachers, Miss Thompson, who went out to China with him as his wife when he resumed his work. Mrs. Mills soon found several deaf children in the city, and Mr. Mills on his preaching tours discovered others.

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a great difference of opinion among those who are wise in weather lore as to the exact time when Indian summer makes its appearance; some weather prophets declaring that it includes every warm day between Michaelmas Day, the 29th of September, and Christmas, while others locate it in the month of October. Indeed, the opinions of scientists do not agree any better than those of ordinary individuals, but seem to be as hazy as the season itself.

After looking up many scientific data on the subject, and taking the consensus of popular opinion, the fact seems established that the phenomenon of seasons really belongs to the month of November, although the signal service notes say that if Indian summer does not come in October or November, it will come in winter as if it were a sort of movable season.

Neither do scientists agree as to the cause of that hazy atmosphere which accompanies the season, a condition peculiar to North America. It was attributed by early settlers in this country to the smoke from prairie fires kindled by the Indians—hence the name "Indian summer." But it is now said by scientific investigators that the appearance of smoke is an optical illusion produced by a peculiar condition of the air, which might be compared to a dry fog.

Sentimentalists declare that it is this dreamy haze which gives its great charm to this short, delightful season, when the whole world of nature appears like a beautiful dream. It is the fifth season, the mellow ripeness of autumn when creation stands still in a lazy, languorous mood, and the picture is vanishing and indistinct, like one of Corot's landscapes. It is the golden sunset of the year, brief and evanescent.

Like a marriage, the Indian summer does not wait to be investigated. It is here—it is gone—before the would-be investigator was aware of its presence. It is such a restful, happy period, that people are content to enjoy it without asking questions, yet there is much of its phenomena that is worth the most careful scientific investigation.

It has been suggested that the dreamy haze which accompanies the season is composed of animal life of such a minute form as to be incapable of microscopic examination, but of such innumerable quantities that they obscure the atmosphere and redden the sun. It is also charged to vegetable matter; but these are mere theories which have not yet been proven. So far, no unhealthful influences have been evoked, nor any fashionable malady produced to shake our confidence in the chance season, which, for aught we knew, may be a celestial estray, giving us a foretaste of a more delightful climate.—*Selected.*

A few were gathered in and at the cost of much inconvenience and self-denial Mrs. Mills managed to house and to teach them. Her success in teaching these children to speak, under the peculiar difficulties in the way, is spoken of as marvellous. Dr. Mills sympathized and cooperated heartily with his wife in this noble work. He succeeded in doing what seems to have been beyond the power of most missionaries in China—to win the confidence of the mass of the population as well as of his converts. He died June 21, 1895, at the age of sixty-five years, leaving a record which justifies the title by which he was known to the natives in his district—the good man.

For the portrait and for the facts as to his life and work we are indebted to the *Paper for Our Little People*, of the Rochester School.

SMALL OBSERVES.

BY A SMALL OBSERVER.

I HAD my vacation—from my literary labors, not from my "bread and butter" labors, and can not say whether I enjoyed the change in my habits, if only for a few months, or not. I am a very regular being—not to count my regularity of being seen coming in fifteen minutes after the regular time for starting the wheels of the great Archimedian lever.

It is with a sigh of relief I take up my lead pencil to grind out my small observes of my short existence, and I say right here the sigh would not be half as heavy if I were going to write for any other paper but this one. For the true correspondent naturally takes a pride in the success of the paper.

I, having been taught by both the pure-oral and combined systems, can safely volunteer opinions on the merits of the two. Most of the leading spirits in the discussion which is going on over the systems have been educated by *one* system and can only speak of the other from observation. It is, therefore, with a feeling of confidence that I am right, that I state my opinion that the *only* way the deaf can be successfully educated is by the Combined System. Such discussions only tend to depreciate the deaf as a class and stir up bitter feelings both personally and professionally. Why not stand by the vote collected from the different schools as to the best method to instruct the deaf? It is sad to think that a few personally interested persons can stir up such strife.

I am simply a small observer and a "simple language" one at that. Never sail under false colors. You make an awkward break and the whole sham is exposed. Simple language is easy to write and easy for the compositor to set and the best of all, it is easy to understand. I don't think well of criticisms. A critic is a person who has failed in both literature and art and criticizes those who proved themselves better artists or writers than he or she. No personal or professional discussions go in these columns. If I have any cause to get mad at any thing I will take a special trip to the object of my wrath and have it out on the spot. This statement being final all are requested to cut it out and paste it in their hats.

A deaf man went into a store the other day, purchased goods to the amount of twenty-five cents. He handed a dollar bill to pay for them and got three quarters in change. He went out and by and by found one of the quarters was bad. Retracing his steps he went back to the store and ordered goods of the same clerk and paid for them with the bad quarter. He went out with a grin on his face

leaving the clerk rubbing his head and wondering whether he should throw the quarter away or pass it again.

The Abbe De l'Epee And The Deaf of France.

The deaf and dumb of France are never tired of praising the Abbe de l'Epee. Ah! it is not going too far to say that they worship him. Every year, at about the end of November, they have a sumptuous dinner to keep his memory green. One of the French Societies of Deaf-Mutes owns a bronze bust of the Abbe, and it is always set on a pedestal in the banquet-hall behind the chair of the president. Over it are hung flags of all nations, for you know the Abbe de l'Epee is the father of the deaf-mute education of the whole world. On this occasion the deaf-mutes all wear a badge with a relief of the Abbe's face on it. At the last dinner about 200 deaf-mutes sat down at the table. The greatest enthusiasm always prevails when the name of the Abbe is mentioned. When the president speaks he goes to

the bronze bust and kisses it and weeps.

There are two statues of him, one at Paris and one at Versailles, besides several busts. The group at the Paris Institution was executed and given by a deaf-mute sculptor named Felix Martin. The government was so pleased that it gave him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. There is, however, no true likeness of the Abbe existing, because he was so humble that he always refused to sit for a portrait either in oil or clay. The nearest authentic face likeness is to be found only in a small bust, about a foot high, that can be seen at the museum of the Paris Institution. It was made by one of the Abbe's pupils in this way. The priest was, in his old age, in the habit of taking an afternoon nap in a particular corner of his own in the yard. The pupil quietly approached him and began to make a bust of him in clay. But when the Abbe awoke, he was so displeased that he ordered the model to be destroyed. The pupil tried again two or three times but in vain. At last he had to finish the bust from memory. The name of the sculptor was Leseine.

"YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF GOD."

BY B. H. SHARP.

And can it be that I shall build
A Temple grand for Thee—
Thou, whom the heavens cannot contain
In all Thy majesty?

Will God, indeed, come down to dwell,
In my poor mortal frame,—
I who have gone so far in sin,
And have reproached his name?

Then may I build with greatest care,
This temple for the Lord,
Following the plan laid down by Him,
In His most precious word.

The foundation strong and secure
Be laid upon the rock,
Which shall withstand the storms of time
And th' tempest's awful shock.

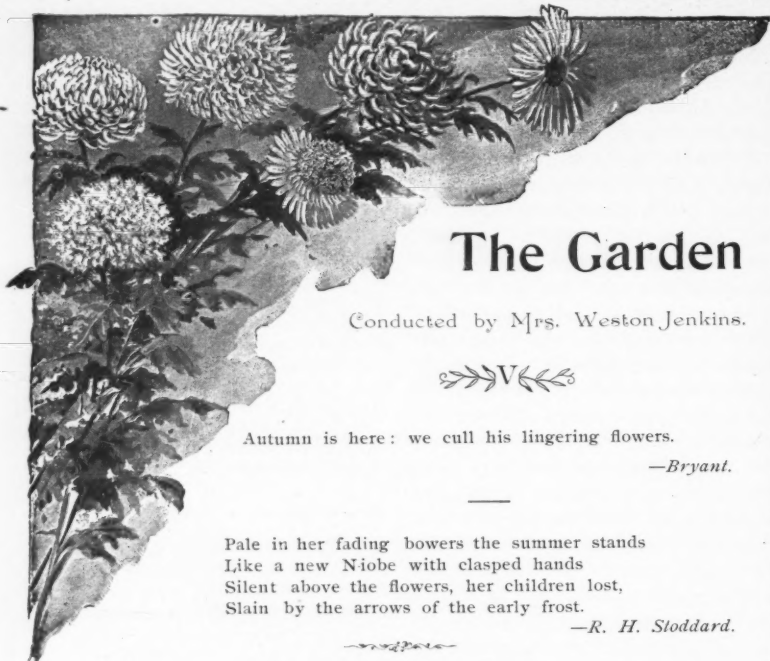
E'en though my work may toilsome be,
And oft I weary am,
Still may I keep this end in view,
Mine eyes upon the plan.

Each year, each month, each day and hour
In sunshine or in shade,
Growing in grace and symmetry,
For His own glory made

So with His holy presence filled
His glory shining through
This temple for His service meet,
Shall then stand forth to view.



BUST OF THE ABBE DE L' EPEE.



The Garden

Conducted by Mrs. Weston Jenkins.



Autumn is here: we cull his lingering flowers.

—Bryant.

Pale in her fading bowers the summer stands
Like a new Niobe with clasped hands
Silent above the flowers, her children lost,
Slain by the arrows of the early frost.

—R. H. Stoddard.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Welcome in our leafless bower,
Where the autumn's breath has come—
Welcome, golden anthered flower,
Ever-fair chrysanthemum!
Like an old friend's pleasant face.—
Though the earth is void of grace,
And the very birds are dumb,
Cheerful, gay chrysanthemum!

Thus may I have round me, when
Age's frost my heart shall numb,
Friends as warm and constant then
As thou art, chrysanthemum!
May I find, though youth be past,
Hearts that love me to the last,
Eyes that smile, though winter come,
Bright as thou, chrysanthemum!

—Chambers' Journal.

IN these late autumn days when the prevailing tints of the landscape are brown and gray, when the garden walks are covered with dying leaves, and bordered with drooping flower stalks, happy are those who possess a bed, clump, or row of hardy chrysanthemums. The first frosts, which have nipped the other flowers only bring out these fresher and brighter. The chrysanthemum, as we all know, is the national flower of Japan; it is embroidered on the Mikado's robes and engraved on his seal. We owe many of our hardy garden and fine hot-house plants to that wonderful country. Indeed, Japan might rightly be called the supply garden of the world. Fine gardeners that the Japanese are, it also naturally follows that they are great flower lovers. Their flower-show festivals take the form of national holidays. The following extract from "A Japanese Interior," by Alice Maud Bacon, will be interesting as coming from an eye-witness of one of these shows:

"Yesterday I went down to Dango Lake to see the chrysanthemum show which is one of the sights of Tokyo at this season. It is an extraordinary sight and quite peculiar to Japan. Besides the beautiful display of potted plants of wonderful colors and shapes, there are numerous scenes, historical, mythological, etc., in which the figures and landscapes are constructed entirely of chrysanthemums. The heads, hands and feet of the human figures of papier-mache are very life-like, but the draperies, mountains, water-falls and animals are constructed entirely of these

and die prematurely for the sake of a few hours' 'decoration.'"

Some say that the chrysanthemum originally came from China as a wild flower and that the Japanese improved it by cultivation. The name in Chinese, literally translated, means "a closed hand." Any way, the Japanese have had it long enough for it to be interwoven with their history, and to them we owe it in many of its present beautiful forms and colors. Nearly every one has heard the story of the great white ostrich-plume-like chrysanthemum called Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, but it will bear repeating. Joseph Neesima, a young Japanese, came to this country about twenty-five years ago and was so fortunate as to be befriended by Mr. Hardy, the Boston philanthropist, who sent him to Amherst College. Mrs. Hardy also took a motherly interest in him and when the young man returned to Japan, he sent her a box of chrysanthemum roots. These Mrs. Hardy gave her gardener and in due time they flowered and bloomed—and among them this white wonder of a flower. No one knew its name, not even in Japan, so it was christened the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy. Poor in this world's goods, but rich in gratitude towards his benefactress, thus did this young man reward her kindness. His life, written by Prof. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is very interesting reading. The culture of the chrysanthemum is easy; the hardy kinds want rich soil, plenty of sunshine and water in the dry season. In August it will help the blooming to nip several inches off the top stalks. It is also well to take them up every two or three years and divide the roots. The semi-hardy and choice kinds had best be planted in flower-pots and sunk in the garden-bed. They can then easily be transferred to the house in blooming time and wintered in the cellar afterwards. There is no town of any importance now that does not have its chrysanthemum show. The finer larger kinds, the prize plants, are obtained by nipping off all save two or three buds.

With these bright and gay flowers, we say good bye to the garden. By this time the bulbs are planted, the roses tied up in their winter covering of straw, the tender flowers given their coverlet of old leaves and manure, and the garden is deserted. We can only dream of past beauties and wait for the coming of another spring:—

"For never-resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter, and confounds him
there,
Sap check'd by frost and lusty leaves quite
gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every
where."

I. V. J.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

H. H. Berger & Co., San Francisco, Cal.:—Californian and Japanese Plants, Bulbs and Seeds.—This firm lists a very fine collection from the flora of Japan and of the Pacific Coast of our own country. Many of the bulbs are rare or even unknown to our own florists and may be cheaply and safely ordered from this firm by mail. Most Japanese plants thrive very well with us, but many of the finest Californian bulbs are quite unmanageable in this climate, and from a curious reason. In California, lilies and similar plants make their growth and flower in the wet winter months, taking their rest in the hot dry summer. When removed to this very different climate they try to keep up the same habit, which results in their being entirely destroyed by frost, in spite of the most careful protection.

Oh! sacrament of summer days,
Oh! blest communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,
Thy sacred emblems to partake
Thy consecrated bread to break
And taste immortal wine.

—Emily Dickinson.

Plants That Grow Themselves



ARE THE PLANTS TO BUY.

A few people like difficult things to grow, the majority don't. If you want an abundance of fine flowers without an abundance of trouble in growing them, get the best **Hardy Perennials** from a **hardy climate**. Over **600** kinds (Plants, Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc.) are described in my Catalogue. Free to all who pay the postage (2c). Last year's patrons will get it without asking.

F. H. HORSFORD,
CHARLOTTE, Vt.



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PLAIN TALKS.

BY THE PLAIN MAN.

The "Plain Man's" address is 20 Terrace Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

"Work is not man's punishment; it is his reward and strength, his glory and his pleasure."

WHATEVER faults may be conspicuous in the deaf as a class, their critics will find that idleness is not one of them. Work with them has always been held honorable, for they were bred to the

ing over his accounts, the artist over his canvas, the student over his books, etc., all present occasionally a picture of this lazy work. But it has been said that all work is honorable. In such cases as above it is rather an example of simple carelessness and neglect.

A question that is most important to solve is, therefore, how long a time can energy in the school room or shop be so concentrated on exercises as to give out the best results and thus convert otherwise lazy pupils into bright and promising scholars.

feeling we are unable to describe or account for, wherein they delight, they take pride in pulling a brother deaf-mute down from the ladder that hard work and ambition have enabled him to climb. In the light of this truth I am not at all surprised that there are not more of the intelligent deaf holding positions of great trust and responsibility outside the ordinary run of deaf-mutes. Why this, I may say, maliciousness and meanness, I must confess my inability for once to explain. Facts are strong arguments to present and we have legion, but in looking over these facts they present to the mind no reason for the peculiar trait spoken of.

There is an evidence that so called scientific men in medical and other professions, including pretenders or quacks, are pushing the claims of hypnotism too far in accounting for certain curious results that now and then grow out of crimes or defects in physique. Our great newspapers do not for a single instant pause to consider the untruthful side of false and faking reports of deafness cured or speech restored by hypnotism. So long as the article is sensational and "catchy" it goes. While no doubt a good many people show more or less nervous peculiarities, they can be influenced by others in a certain way, but the extent and degree of control thus acquired cannot be determined with exactness in every case. The curing of deafness or regaining of speech are the two best advertisements hypnotists and medical men can

Not a few writers, who have made exhaustive tests of hypnotism or people of widely different temperaments, pronounce the whole thing a humbug. They say there is absolutely no science in it.

CHARACTERISTIC.

We must all pay for experience. It would be well, without doubt, if even personal experience was always a successful teacher. Some of her lessons are learned very thoroughly while others are never mastered. One man yields to anger again and again. He sees every time the bad effects that follow, the enemies he stirs up, the loss he sustains in power and influence, and the shame brought about by his lack of self control. Yet, in spite of these lessons, he will yield to the very next temptation to vent his wrath. Another is mean and ungenerous, though his lessons from experience show him very plainly the contempt in which he is held and the loss which such practices bring about. Others suffer over again the pangs of poverty and disgrace that follow idleness and extravagance, without seeming to learn from past experience. There is no end of ways in which people may go through experiences without learning any of its lessons. So, if the young will not profit by the experiences of others, they certainly will by their own? Not by a great deal under existing circumstances.

Paper is the material out of which are made the wings of the angel of knowledge.—*Anonymous.*



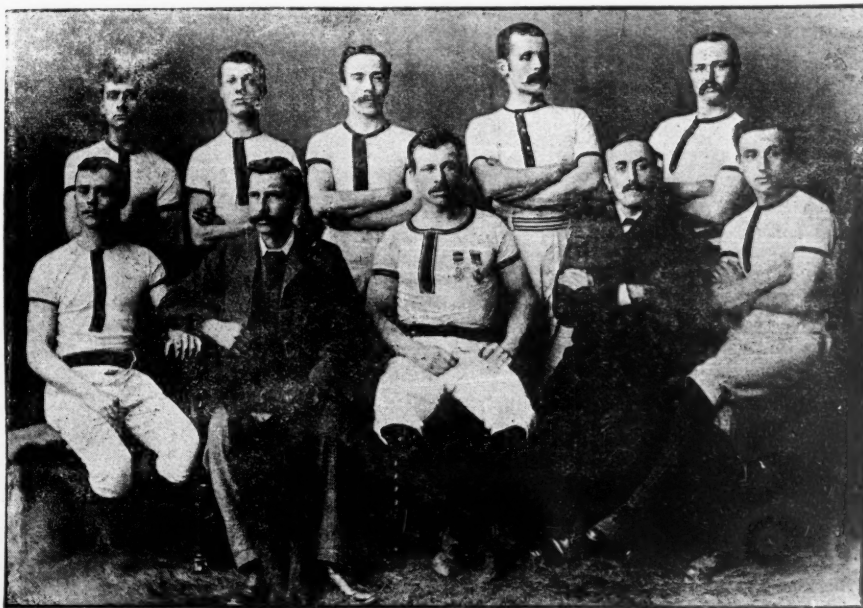
THE CARDIFF (WALES) DEAF AND DUMB GYMNASTIC CLUB.

understanding that to live they must work. Those of the deaf who are so fortunate as to be rich those not so, who are poor, the strong and the weak, the man and the woman, are all expected to labor in whatever way is best adapted to their abilities, whether they follow the vocation learned at a school for the deaf or not, and those of them who refuse to work, sink to a low degree in the estimation of the hearing community, but as I said above, they are not prone to idleness. While it is a well known fact that many pupils in institutions show signs of laziness, and an indisposition for work, as a rule, after leaving school they see their mistake, brace up and progress with encouraging success.

We place laziness on one hand as against labor on the other, and while we have and feel a contempt for the former we reserve all our respect for the latter. But to the average thinker it appears that there is a great deal of lazy work in the world—dull, dreary, inferior and prolonged work into which not the slightest energy is put. There is the workman who is not anxious to wield his spade, the mechanic languidly using his tools, the girl slighting her kitchen work, the book-keeper dreaming and dron-

In one of my talks recently I made allusion to the history of the deaf race and circumstances that called for the lauding of those deaf-mutes who commanded the respect of the world for the skill and aptness shown in the various pursuits of life, especially the duty of the deaf themselves in such matters. It happens that in our search for the truth there has been shown a peculiarity of the deaf that amounts to more than opposition itself, to something more than jealousy.

While I do not dispute the value of opposition and competition, for these two very things move the world along, yet it must be acknowledged by the observant, thoughtful reader, that in many instances the deaf are given to dishonest competition and opposition that would not be tolerated by the hearing world. My attention has often been called to the fact and it challenges dispute, that there exists in these deaf-mutes a



LONDON DEAF AND DUMB ATHLETIC CLUB.

adopt to cry their wares, and the public should not be misled into believing these "remarkable" claims of fakesters.

There is no rule laid down as to how patients will be affected after having passed through the ordeal or how they will act under varying conditions.

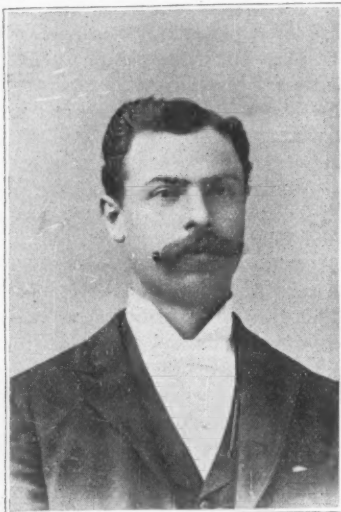
He'd Rather Be Deaf.

Shoddieman—Aint that boy's fiddlin' elegant. Professor? Strikes you dumb, don't it?

Professor Gerzunder—Ach, it ees putiful! If it would only strike me deaf it would be perfect happiness.—*Judge.*

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by G. S. Porter.



FREDERICK OWEN,
(Alias "Said Pshaw.")

Frederick Owen, who resigned this Fall as instructor of printing at the Berkeley, Cal., Institution, was one of the best known men in the profession, although one of the youngest. He took a leading stand in all matters pertaining to the industrial education of the deaf, especially that of printing, and did a good deal toward stimulating his comrades in the same work to increased interest. For some time he conducted a "Mechanical Department" in the *News* for the benefit of his pupils, and his various writings showed him to be thoroughly acquainted with the business in all its branches. He did not keep the department up, however, as he thought it too technical for his pupils to understand.

He was best known in deaf-mute journalism as "Said Pshaw," and his "Side Lights" were of such a humorous, poetical and critical nature that much curiosity was aroused among the deaf, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, as to his identity.

He first began learning the art of printing on July 2d, 1881, the very day Garfield was shot, as "devil" in a country office, and has been clear through every step to editor and business manager of a country daily and weekly. He was also foreman of a steam shop in San Francisco, Cal., and knows all the ropes. He went into business for himself, but was burned out and broke up, so he went to newspaper work (special reporting) when two years ago he accepted the position as instructor in printing at the California School. Under his management the *News* was greatly improved in every way. His new occupation is that of "ad-smith," or in other words he prepares catchy advertisements for business people

who have wares to sell, but do not know how to advertise. It is an art which requires peculiar talent, which Mr. Owens seems to possess to a considerable degree.

"Sidelights" have therefore disappeared from the *News* and "Said Pshaw" is but a memory. It is needless to say that he is missed among the profession.

* * *

Mr. Robert H. Grant, who is employed in Mr. Sherwood's turning establishment at Livingston Manor, N. Y., sends me the following extract from "The Thinking Man" in *The Machinery*, a monthly periodical devoted to machinery, and all kindred subjects. He thinks it is valuable to young mechanics:

"The field for a mechanic's skill and ingenuity is widening every day. The process of machine construction is confined to planing, turning, boring, drilling, milling and grinding. The man who can handle one or all of them may be termed an expert in their manipulation."

Mr. Grant is a constant reader of the technical journals (all good artisans ought to be). He says:

"I run all these kinds of machines, except two. A new machine which I handled recently is a grooving saw on bed rails. Recently the company got orders for 300 rolls to be grooved $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ in. deep on a groove saw $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick, but I made a frame for holding the pole or roll, as it is called, for grooving and also made the groove saw cut out $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide while the thickness of the saw was only $\frac{3}{8}$ in. The rolls are from 3 ft. to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long and 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. wide and turned by wood-turners of long standing.

"Since I have been employed here I have made some contrivances and other simple devices of wood for time-saving and throwing away extra help. I have also made a handy buck for tying up turned stuff. The buck is so constructed as to stand up on any rough or inclined surface without upsetting backward or forward, as was the case with poor ones made before I came there to work. Some times two working boys or men will quarrel for the kind of buck I made when they go out under the shed to tie up a lot of stuff, and often one of them will catch the buck early and keep it till it is time to start for work. Now all the old bucks are out and my kind takes the place. I have in mind another kind that can be extended from 12 in. to 12 ft., but have not the opportunity, though Mr. Sherwood is willing to let me make anything good for time-saving or to render the work easy and handy. Also I have in mind a thing which may be called "end marking gauge" for lathe work or for wood turners, so that the ends of a stuff to be turned can be perfectly centred in the lathe, but I do not know if there is any such device in other turning establishments, or if any wood-turner has one. Small wages and too limited time do not enable me to do such things, but am

glad I have got an inventive turn of mind."

Just such men as Mr. Grant are wanted every where—men whose whole efforts are given to the best interests of their employer. Mr. Grant is a graduate of Fanwood and has never been out of work since graduating from the High Class a few years ago. He is very popular in Livingston Manor. We hope he will have good luck in getting higher wages, as he is no doubt worth much more than he gets.

* * *

Superintendent Clarke, of Michigan, defends the printing trade against unjust attacks on it by the *Exponent* people, in a somewhat lengthy but nevertheless logical editorial in the *Mirror* of September 2d. The *Exponent* thinks that printing, since the advent of the type-setting machine, is not the proper trade to teach the deaf.

Prof. Clark, on the other hand, takes the ground that printing is one of the best trades to teach and as an auxiliary to the school-room it has no equal. He believes that more attention should be given to this branch of industrial education than formerly; that to obtain better results, good teachers should be employed at fair salaries and that more instructors should, if possible, be secured.

Prof. Clarke seems to have a pretty good insight into the problems of industrial education. A good technical education is all important in these days when men are kept working constantly at one thing year in and year out. When this state of affairs exist, it is no wonder there are so few "all round workmen."

The *Inland Printer*, for September, contains an editorial on "Technical Training for Printers," which is given below to show what the leading technical magazine for printers has to say on the subject which claims so much discussion of the present day. If technical training is needed by the hearing, how much more it is needed by the deaf.

It is the conviction of many shrewd observers that it is more difficult to obtain competent printers now than at any previous time. Foremen of large establishments are of this opinion, and it will be agreed that of all men they perhaps have the best opportunities of knowing just how serious the difficulty is. It is in large concerns where the greatest diversity occurs in the character of the work to be executed, and certainly the men who direct it should know above all others the capacity of the men under their charge. It is from this source that there comes the loudest complaint, experience teaching them how rarely nowadays a good all-round printer will be found among a number of newly engaged men. However, there is little occasion for surprise in this. Present tendencies are all in the direction of rendering a man as rapid and as perfect as possible in the performance of a certain line of work, when he is retained as long as it is agreeable to his employer. It is well-known, though, that printers so situated are never wholly at ease with themselves. They soon begin to lose confidence, for

none know better than they that their sphere of usefulness is becoming more and more contracted, a feeling which is invariably accompanied by a loss of independence, and to some extent, a sense of helplessness. The printer whose experience never extended beyond the mastery of a certain line of work must not be overlooked, as he should be placed in the same category so far as this particular phase of the situation is concerned.

No one will dispute the assertion that all parties concerned, employer and employed alike, would be vastly benefited by a more general diffusion of the technical and practical knowledge necessary to a thorough mastery of the craft in all branches. It seems no longer possible to acquire this knowledge and experience through the medium of apprenticeship, for what applies to the journeyman too often applies to the apprentice. They are all set into a groove and kept there. In what manner, then, can the desired object be obtained? We see no way but by the establishment and maintenance of schools especially designed for the purpose, and equipped to promote intellectual as well as technical proficiency and advancement. This brings us naturally to the question, Will technical training promote the efficiency of printers? We believe it would, and we also believe that many printers would gain a more thorough knowledge of their craft in three months in this way than they would gain in a life time in a printing establishment. We have no desire to disparage the advantage of a practical training; we simply hold that a technical training would add greatly to a printer's efficiency. The value of an independent institution for such work will be apparent when it is remembered how backward the average printer is in asking questions about things he is supposed to know. He doesn't like the idea of "giving himself away," and he will go on guessing wrongly. In a school this could all be changed. The asking of questions there would be encouraged, or it might be that the work could be so carried on that asking questions would be unnecessary. At all events the attendant would learn what he was supposed to know all along, but perhaps never had an opportunity of learning in the printing office.

This would be an educational work of which we believe scores of printers would take advantage. The best of printers feel the necessity of occasionally jogging their memory in certain particulars, and for which present employment gives no opportunity. How far the work might be extended, later experience alone could determine. Most men in middle life realize sooner or later that their recollection of the rules of English grammar is somewhat deceptive, while perhaps they left school without reaching the stage where Latin is added to a boy's perplexities. Then, again, it is generally, if not universally conceded that the printer of the future will be none the worse for a little artistic training. In fact, we are fast approaching the time when to be a competent printer will be to be equipped in all these ways, as the world is rapidly pushing toward a higher education. A higher education among these masses means that there will be a demand for more artistic printing and more efficient printers.

Technical proficiency will render the printer more competent, and produce better results for the employer.

* * *

Wallace Cook, since leaving school here three years ago, has been steadily employed at the *News* office in Long Branch rising to the position of foreman until recently when he entered business on his own hook. He purchased a half interest in the job printing business of Newman & Slocum of that town. The firm is now

known as Slocum & Cook. They have equipped their office with new type and machinery and have evidently gone to work in real earnest. Mr. Cook says theirs is the only exclusive job office in town. Mr. Cook is an intelligent semi-mute and his success will be watched with interest by this school, as he is the only ex-pupil who has gone into business on his own hook, that we are acquainted with.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

—Mr. A. M. Blanchard, the popular deaf artist of St. Louis, had an extra good exhibit of crayon portraits at the St. Louis Exposition this Fall.

—Fred Hæslar and Nettie Stemple, of the Mt. Airy School are taking a full course in the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art. Miss Stemple is said to have passed a most excellent examination.

—Mr. Robert E. Maynard has secured a steady place on the *Yonkers, N. Y., Daily Herald* and of the *Home Journal and News*. Should type-setting machines be put in the office, he will be one of the first to be given at trial.

—Mr. A. L. Thomas with his usual enterprise, is reminding his numerous friends that he is still connected with the firm of Rogers, Peet & Co., at the Prince St. store in New York, and that he will be pleased to receive a call from them.

—Mr. Joseph Dorfner, a deaf-mute of this city, has been engaged during the past week in executing a difficult piece of fresco-work in the Masonic Temple. Mr. Dorfner devotes his evenings to painting and frescoing All Souls' Guild Hall, and when the task is finished the rooms will compare favorably with any in the country. —*Mt. Airy World*.

—Mrs. M. J. Syle had on exhibition at All Souls' Working People's Club, last Thursday evening, a large oil-painting of her husband, the late Rev. H. W. Syle. The painting was done by Mrs. J. P. Walton, a deaf-mute lady who recently took up her residence in this city. Considering the fact that the artist had never seen Mr. Syle, but had to depend on a small photograph and on descriptions furnished by friends, the work is adjudged by many as an excellent likeness of Mr. Syle. Since she took up her residence in this city about two months ago, Mrs. Walton has been enjoying a fast increasing patronage. —*Mt. Airy World*.

Will it Pay to Teach Photography in Deaf-Mute Schools?

While I would like to see more successful professional photographers among the deaf, I doubt very much whether it would be wise to launch upon the world more photograpers, either deaf or otherwise, for this simple reason—that there are already too many men in the business. During these hard times, the last few years, there has been an increase of fifty per cent of photographers, which had the result of lowering the prices, and rendering the already not over profitable business, more than over done.

Deaf-mutes cannot be expected to conduct galleries with success, unless, indeed, they could find honest hearing partners, which unfortunately is very problematical, moreover, the prices prevailing nowadays are such

that galleries, generally, cannot make any thing. The result has been a general lowering of the standard of work, for no one can be induced to put in his best efforts when he knows he will not be adequately rewarded.

Outdoor and commercial work promises better, but to succeed in it one must excel uniformly.

Group work out of doors is the easiest thing. It does not call for much talent or skill. This is the reason why the amateurs succeed to make inroads upon the business of the professional. Landscape work, pure and simple, calls for trained skill. The same can be said of architectural and interior work.

Photo-engraving processes seem to open a better field, but to succeed well in it, one needs to be an expert photographer. In conclusion, I must say that I do not think it well to turn out more photographers until there are better conditions for success, and until there is more demand for pictures than there is now.

RANALD DOUGLAS.

NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.

—Miss Victoria Hunter has been visiting friends in Trenton during the past week.

—Mr. George T. Newell, formerly Steward of the Fanwood School, but now travelling agent for the Columbia, Pa., Embroidery Co., called one day last week with a friend.

—The rooms formerly used for the shoe and carpenter shops have been turned into dressing rooms for the gymnasium. The improvement is one which will make the pupils glad.

—The girls' class in printing consists of six pupils who receive instruction in this branch six hours a week. They all like it very much and are making good improvement.

—Miss Eleanor D. Stokes has been appointed temporarily to fill the place left by Miss Kincaide. She has had some training and experience in articulation teaching. Among other pupils she has taught her own little deaf sister to speak.

—Miss Mary D. Tilson, who was appointed a teacher to take Miss Edith Brown's place, has been unable to come, as yet, owing to an attack of the grip. She expects to report for duty on the 1st of November. Mrs. Ella B. Lloyd is teaching temporarily.

—It is proposed to make a small — a very small—beginning in floriculture at the school. The carpenter boys are already at work on sashes for hotbeds or cold-frames, in which a few flowers and such plants as radishes, lettuce and parsley for the table may be grown.

—The Committee on Grounds and Buildings have ordered the west side

of the yard, from the main building back to the new building to be graded, and a new roadway to be laid out. Mr. E. W. Hooper has the contract, and is pushing the work, so as to have it done before cold weather.

—Our pupils paid their annual visit to the Inter-State Fair, October 4th. They enjoyed it very much and they wish to thank the managers of the Fair for letting them in free. Some kind friends treated many of them to the various entertainments—the merry-go-round, the side shows, and so on.

—The large flag is raised and lowered every fair day by a color-guard, consisting of the following pupils—Cascella, color sergeant; Fay, Rigg and Erdmann. They perform the duty with proper formality and take pride in it. Uniform caps and belts have been ordered for them.

—Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Van Valkenburgh, of Boonton, to Mr. Richard A. Anthony, of New York, on the 5th of November. Miss Van Valkenburgh is well known to many of our teachers and officers and pupils as she has often been in the school, while visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jenkins.

—Mr. Whalen, our instructor in shoemaking, met with a serious accident last month. While walking down the gang plank across the area around the new building, he fell and hurt his right arm badly. He had to have his arm operated on at St. Francis Hospital and has suffered a good deal, but is now able to work almost as well as ever.

—Prof. Harris Taylor, of the Mount Airy School paid us a visit on the 14th of this month. He went into the class-rooms and through the industrial department, took dinner with Mr. Jenkins and returned to Philadelphia in the evening. He thinks that our industrial rooms are among the best that he has seen.

—The pupils in the geography classes are much interested in making collections of articles used for food and clothing. Some of them have written to the Principals of schools in the Southern States for samples of cotton, sugar-cane, etc., and some very nice samples have been received in answer to these requests.

—The geography room has been fitted up for its purpose and now contains a great variety of useful helps for this study. Besides the big globe, and the maps, there are many framed pictures illustrating the people, animals, plants and scenery of all parts of the world. There is also quite a library of books and magazines containing much useful and interesting information. The pupils like to go there for their lessons.

—Miss Kincaide left us on the 5th of the present month, as it was neces-

sary for her to be at her home in Quincy, Mass., to take care of her mother, who was badly injured by a fall and was threatened with paralysis. Miss Kincaide has accepted a position in the Horace Mann School in Boston, which was offered to her before she came here, but which she did not then feel that she could accept. She writes that since she has been at home her mother has begun to improve and that the doctor hopes she will recover after a time.

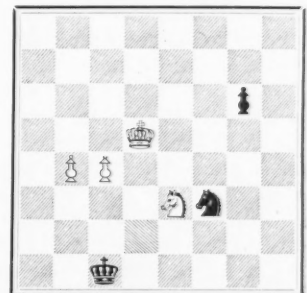
—The pupils of this school have lately been measured, weighed and tested for weakness of any of the important organs or parts of the body. Dr. H. B. Boice, Physical Director of the State Normal School, examined the boys, and his assistant, Miss Harriett E. Trask, examined the girls. So far as we know, this is the first instance in which so many deaf children have been examined so thoroughly. If their measurements show any marked difference from those of hearing children, the facts will be published.

WITH THE CHESS PLAYERS.

Two very interesting games between Prof. R. B. Lloyd, of the New Jersey School, and Dr. Sanderson, of Edmore, Mich., ended during the present month. The two games were played simultaneously by correspondence and were very close from beginning to end, but in the second game when, to all appearances, Prof. Lloyd was sure of winning, the Edmore player moved a pawn which drew the game. Both games were drawn. Subjoined are the positions in the second game.

POSITION AFTER BLACKS 56TH MOVE.

White—Trenton.



Black—Edmore.

Not being satisfied with the result, the same gentlemen have commenced two new games, Dr. Sanderson opening with P—Q4.

Prof. Lloyd has never lost a correspondence game and very few contact games, although he has played many games with local experts.

Mr. James H. Logan, a graduate of Gallaudet College for the Deaf and the first principal of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, now occupies the chair of Biology in the Western University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Logan, although deaf, is a successful instructor and very highly spoken of by his associates and pupils. —*Silent World*.

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TRENTON, N. J.

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OCTOBER, 1895.

THE *Mentor*, published at the Northern New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is the latest addition to our exchange list. It takes the place of the *Advocate*, and is in every way a great improvement on that paper. In quality of material, in make-up and in contents it takes rank at once with the best of the institution papers. It is well worth reading by teachers and others interested in the deaf.

We crowd out a good deal of other interesting matter this month to give room to Miss Foley's study of two deaf children, pupils of hers in her early teaching days at the Pennsylvania Institution. The paper shows Miss Foley to have been a pioneer in the work of "child study" among the deaf, and it is, perhaps, all the more valuable in that she was not guided at all by any outline or preconceived scheme, but just set down what she saw, as it came before her eyes. We think, too, it has an added value as a study of deaf children by a competent deaf observer. She certainly observed very keenly and has made a valuable contribution to our work.

We are under obligations to our friends of the institution press, and to some papers outside our little circle, for many very pleasant notices of the SILENT WORKER. We fear some of the praise so kindly bestowed is due more to the friendship of the writers than to our own deserts. However, we value the kind feeling of our fellow workers quite as much as we value any other kind of success. We have, at least, aimed to do what our friends credit us with doing, and whatever we have done has been with the wish to benefit the deaf and

to do justice to all who are working to the same end. Through the kind assistance of many of those interested in the work, we hope to be able to keep our paper up to the level it has so far maintained, and if our plans succeed, to make it more and more interesting and valuable.

We are especially glad to receive proof that the more intelligent deaf persons find it suited to their tastes, as shown by our subscription list.

We are especially glad to appeal to this class of readers and to print any thing relating to the success of any deaf person.

We wish to call the attention of teachers of advanced classes in our schools for the deaf to a series of four books on Commercial Geography by John Yeats, LL.D., published in England, but of which we have just got a set through Mr. W. B. Harrison, of 59 Fifth Ave., New York.

The volumes deal respectively with the Natural History of Commerce, the Technical History of Commerce, the Growth and Vicissitudes of Commerce and Recent and Existing Commerce. We have elsewhere expressed at some length the opinion that by tracing the lines of commercial intercourse, and by studying the various causes which govern the production and the distribution of the great commercial staples, we may find, perhaps, the best system on which to group the numberless facts of geography.

These four volumes contain a treasury of facts in regard to the articles which are produced in any part of the globe, the history and present condition of the cultivation and manufacture of commercial articles, historical sketches of the great commercial nations from the days of Egypt and Phœnicia to the present day—all treated in accordance with a comprehensive and well-arranged system and written in a plain, direct style. A chart goes with each volume, which is so carefully planned as to show graphically the principal facts given in the book. Each book is carefully indexed, so that the student can look up all the facts in regard to any subject which he may be studying. As books of reference for pupils in schools for the deaf they should take rank with the Young People's Cyclopædias.

The work (for we ought to speak of it as a whole) would be better adapted for use in our schools if it were written from an American point of view.

Still, as Great Britain is the great commercial nation of the world, a fairly complete British theory of commerce must be tolerably satisfactory to a student in any other country.

SUPERINTENDENT JOHNSON of the Indiana School has gotten up the ingenious acrostic which we reprint below and has printed it on a card, with the manual alphabet on the

other side. These cards, which he has circulated widely through the state, are an excellent advertisement of the Institution.

WILL YOU DO IT?

Are you acquainted with any Boy or girl, four to twenty-one years of age, who Cannot be educated in the common schools because of Deafness? If so, inquire if he or she has Ever attended a special school (for three years) For the education of the deaf. If not, Give me the address of the parents or friends. Have them also write a letter to me making Inquiries concerning the matter of education. Join hands with me, and assist me, if you Know of such a boy or girl in the State, and Let us get the child into the School for the Deaf.

Much depends upon getting an early start. Negligent parents, sorry to say, too often Overlook the necessity for this, and Postpone action in many cases until too late. Questions will be fully answered concerning Rules for the admission of new pupils into School, and pamphlets and papers will be sent which Tell just how the child will be educated. Urge the parents of all deaf boys and girls to Value the offer made by a generous State, When it offers education without cost, and Attend invitation to all of Indiana's Youth too deaf to be educated in ordinary schools.

Zealous interest on your part will be appreciated, & will result in the accomplishment of good.

RICHARD O. JOHNSON,
Superintendent School for the Deaf,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

WHY IS IT?

We have often wondered why some of our exchanges show such inveterate animosity against the teaching of deaf children to speak. At the very least, the power of speech, like any other power, must be of some value. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson on one occasion, "every species of knowledge is of some advantage to its possessor. I conceive that one would rather know how to knit hose than not to know it." If, then, a teacher can waken the minds of his deaf pupils, can teach them to think and observe and to report what they have seen; can get them to read newspapers and books and can enable them to write sensible thoughts in passable English—and can, in addition, give them the ability to speak with more or less ease and correctness, why in the name of all the fiends at once should any one who professes to wish well to the deaf depreciate his work and his method?

But we do think that the work of some oral teachers is open to criticism, not only in its details but in its aims and in its estimate of values.

Many skilful articulation teachers are inclined, we think, to measure their success rather by the perfection with which their pupils can speak than by the thoughts they have to express by their speech. No doubt unreasonable opposition and factious criticism of their work has had a tendency to drive these teachers farther

in this direction, and to render them less open to broad ideas.

But surely every intelligent and candid teacher will admit that his chief aim is not to drill his pupils in this or that accomplishment, but to develop their nature as fully and broadly as possible—as one of our New Jersey educators well says: "I don't teach geography; I don't teach arithmetic; I teach boys!"

If we may bring the burly Doctor twice into one small article, his visit to Dr. Braidwood's school in Edinburgh, while on his famous visit to the Hebrides, furnishes a case in point. Boswell records that being invited to test the success with which the deaf-mutes were educated by the oral method, he "wrote one of his *'sesquipedalia verba'*", which being creditably pronounced, he declared himself fully satisfied." So far as criticism is directed against this conception of education, it is well directed and should do good. But this inadequate view is not at all a part of the theory of the oral method. No schools in the world are more free from such narrow, distorted notions than are the leading oral schools for the deaf in America. In none of our combined method schools that we have ever visited are the pupils trained more wisely to use their senses, to judge, reflect, compare and reason, than they are so taught in these same oral schools.

We agree with the extreme manualists that it is not good architecture to annex an imposing steeple to a ramshackle shed. But if you have put up a church which is solid and roomy and well-finished, where is the harm of adding a steeple to it?

We speak as if the study of speech were merely an addition to the other stock of knowledge which the pupil acquires. To make our figure complete the steeple ought to assist in raising the walls of the edifice, to heat and light it when finished, and to help the congregation on with their overcoats and galoshes after the service.

We are by no means a convert to the pure-oral method, and we may yet have a word to say in defence of the manual alphabet and of restricting certain pupils to the study of language in its written form, but we think that no less than what we have said is justice to the pure oralists.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

THE question whether Christian missions "pay" is quite generally discussed just now, with a good many very respectable voices in the negative. We print in this number a sketch of the work of an American missionary to China, which seems to have a bearing on this question.

Perhaps the majority of those who accept and repeat the harsh criticisms upon foreign missions and missionaries do not stop to ask what, if

any, practical results for good, have followed the labors of Christian missionaries. Taking account of only such results as intelligent men, without regard to their religious views, will recognize as valuable, it must be owned that scholars who are interested in the study of inaccessible and barbarous tongues owe more to the missionaries than to all other sources together. From the days of good Bishop Ulfilas down, it has been the missionary who has reduced the uncouth dialect to writing and has written or printed in it his translation of the Bible. Many of these works are of inestimable value to the philologist.

It is to the early Jesuit missionaries to South America that we owe the discovery of cinchona—formerly called "Jesuit's bark"—and its virtues. Those who refuse to believe that any good can come out of a Jesuit or of a missionary should, to be consistent, shiver and burn in the grasp of malaria rather than acknowledge the value of quinine.

What is known about China, its geology, its flora, the customs and character of its people, can be learned better than any where else from the great work of Dr. S. Wells Williams, an American missionary.

Dr. Livingston was a missionary, and in all his travels and discoveries he never lost sight of the bearing of his work on the spread of Christianity.

But after all, scientific and literary success is only incidental to missionary work. The question is: Do Christian missions succeed in making a great many men better and in lifting them to a higher plane? We think the evidence shows that they do.

Look at the work among the Hindoos—a highly intellectual race who have done great things in the past, but whose energies have been benumbed by a rigid and oppressive religious system. No candid observer doubts that the influence of Christian missions with their excellent English schools, their woman physicians bringing physical healing and tender sympathy to the sufferers of their own sex, the new thoughts they bring on questions of conduct and of philosophy, have been a great factor in waking the mind and the energy of India to new life.

Even though their converts be relatively few, the effect they have produced indirectly, by their influence on native thinkers such as Keshub Chunder Sen, has been inestimable, leading them, while they do not accept Christianity, to reject polytheism, the caste system and the whole network of superstition, and to believe in one God, of infinite goodness and power.

But we confess that our own opinion of missions has been largely determined by a bit of history in which men whom we knew personally were concerned.

More than fifty years ago an American whale-ship lay to off a little island in the South Sea. The natives came off in boats, ostensibly for trade. Suddenly they attacked the crew and cut down half of their number. The third officer, a lad of nineteen, by his courage and presence of mind, beat the savages off and sailed the ship home. Thirty years later, as captain of a ship, this man was approaching the same island. Carefully watching through his glass for any sign of the disposition of the people, he saw the white walls of a church. He landed and was kindly received by the chief, who made him understand that through the white man his people had learned of the white man's God, that they no longer made war on their neighbours or ate the bodies of their prisoners. It is needless to add that this old Cape Cod sea-captain does not share the view of Mr. Flinders Petrie, about the folly of "imposing our own ethical standards on alien races."

THE GAIT OF SEMI-MUTES.

It has often been noticed that many deaf persons are unable to walk with their usual firmness and confidence in the evening or by an uncertain light. This is especially the case with those whose deafness does not date from birth, but is the result of illness coming on at the age of five years or later. The fact has been mentioned in our own columns and a tentative explanation offered, but so far as we know, no satisfactory account of this phenomenon and its physical cause has ever been given in print.

Recently, in conversation with a gentleman of world-wide reputation for his scientific achievements, we received an explanation which we will try to reproduce for our readers.

Those who have studied, however slightly, the anatomy of the ear, will remember the "semi-circular canals"—two bodies each somewhat resembling a tiny jug with three relatively enormous handles. These six "handles" are arranged at such angles (the arrangement in one ear being somewhat different from that in the other) that whether the head is held erect, drooping or in whatever position, one, at least, of these handles or canals will be brought into a horizontal position.

The canals are filled with a clear fluid, and from their smooth inner walls little hairs of varying length project into this fluid, each bearing on its tip a tiny bead like a grain of sand. Nerves distributed along the bases of these hairs connect with the proper part of the brain.

The use of these organs has been a puzzle to the physiologist. It has been suggested that each of these hairs might vibrate to one particular musical note and so assist in transmitting sounds of different pitch. True, there seemed no need of such help, as the

tympanum is quite able to do all the work itself, especially since we have found that our comparatively clumsy imitation of nature in the diaphragm of a telephone answers the purpose so perfectly. But the physiologist reasoned like the man who offered his dog as a fine coon hunter, on the ground that he had been tried and proved useless for every other purpose, and that God had surely not made him in vain.

Modern researches, however, have shown that the true office of the semi-circular canals is not directly connected with hearing, but is of almost sufficient importance to justify us in calling these structures the organs of a sixth sense—that of direction of motion. We know, or at least we may infer from what our experience teaches us, that if we were hurried through empty space, smoothly, with no resistance of the air and with no check or jar, we should be unconscious of the motion, or at least we should not know in what direction we were going. Something of this we may observe in travelling over a railway line which is free from curves and well-ballasted. But in walking, in travelling in a carriage or in any ordinary way of progression we are conscious, even if we shut our eyes, not only that we are moving but which way we are going. The explanation is that the loaded hairs above described being of nearly the same specific gravity as the fluid (and think of the delicate experiments needed to determine this!) they vibrate with equal freedom in all directions, except, of course, in the direction of their own length.

Therefore any sudden movement causes the hairs in one or more of the canals to vibrate in the direction of the plane of the motion. For instance, a jump upward makes them move up and down, a movement to the front sets them swinging backward and forward, and so on. Their action also explains the phenomenon of dizziness. If one whirls around rapidly and then suddenly stops, the agitation of these hairs of course continues for a little while, giving one the feeling of being still in motion, while he yet knows he is at rest. Hence, the familiar feeling of unsteadiness and inability to control one's muscles. By varying the experiment a little, the phenomenon of "vertical dizziness" may be produced, as follows:—Bend over (or rather, don't bend over at all—get your friend to do it). Let the experimenter, then, bend forward until the top of his head is to the front and his face towards the ground. Let him, in this position, whirl rapidly around until he is dizzy. Then let him straighten himself up. Instantly he will go down like an ox under the butcher's axe.

Now, in cases of deafness from disease, it may often happen, either that the hairs of the canals are corroded or that the fluid is thickened so that

they can no longer vibrate freely, or possibly that the walls of these bodies are eaten through and the fluid escapes. It is often noticed in such cases, that after recovery the patient is a long time in regaining the free use of his limbs. For months he may walk as one in a dream or stagger like a drunken man. All this time, by our theory, he is learning to dispense with this sixth sense of direction, throwing its proper work on the already over-taxed eyes. When the sense of sight can not help, as in profound darkness, the subject may be reduced to the helplessness of a baby just learning to bear its weight on its legs. We are acquainted with a deaf lady who, in the best society of some of our largest cities, is admired for the grace of her movements, who, in trying to walk a short distance in a very dark night, was absolutely unable to perform the feat and was obliged to wait until she could be carried to her destination.

It is remarkable, and tends to confirm this theory, that deaf persons who are thus unable to walk in the dark are generally—so far as we know—are always—proof against sea-sickness, which is nearly allied to ordinary dizziness.

We are not sure that in this account we have always discriminated accurately between what is certainly known and what is inferred with strong probability, but this explanation of a curious fact is one that seems to account very completely for phenomena which have puzzled many observers.

We are informed that Mr. Van Allen, formerly an instructor in the Pennsylvania Institution, having studied for the ministry, applied some time ago to the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, for ordination. The Bishop thought that it would be against the rules of the church to ordain to the ministry a man who is deaf, and he expressed his intention to bring the question up before the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Minneapolis.

We have followed the reports of the Convention, so far as published up to our going to press, but have seen no notice of such action.

There was, at last date, a proposed canon on ordination in committee, but the text was not given in the reports.

This question was settled in favor of the deaf, so far as the diocese of Pennsylvania is concerned, some twelve years ago, we think, when the late Henry Winter Syle presented his learned and well-reasoned argument in support of his own application to be ordained by Bishop Stevens.

There are a number of deaf clergymen in the P. E. church who are doing a good work and are reaching many of the adult deaf who without them would not come under religious influences.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

NE swallow does not make a summer, nor a single man an army, nor does the success of a certain method in educating an individual prove that that method is the best one that can be employed to meet all cases. Last month the SILENT WORKER contained a sketch of the Rev. Thomas Arnold and incidentally made mention of a Mr. Farrar who, educated by the pure oral method, was able to pass the entrance examination of the University of London. Mr. Farrar is probably the only one of his school-mates who was able to do it. At any rate, nothing is said about them. There are men in every class who rise superior to their surroundings, often in spite of them. The well educated deaf are more numerous in proportion than the well educated hearing. According to the logic of some reasoners, the teachers of Aristotle, Lord Bacon, Samuel Johnson, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, and their like, were the exponents of the best system in the world, for, behold what smart men it produced!

R. B. L.

Objects.

Children tell anything they can about them. Teachers helps.

I. A BOOK.

It is "Talks and Stories."
It has a brown cover.
It is about seven inches long.
It is about five inches wide.
It is about half an inch thick.
It has two hundred and sixteen pages.

The author is W. G. Jenkins.
It is printed at Hartford, Conn.
It has many stories.
It has many pictures.
It has many questions.
It is a nice book.
It is almost square.
It is not heavy.

II.

A POCKET-KNIFE.

It is a knife.
It has two blades.
It has a handle.
It is for cutting things.
It is for sharpening lead-pencils.
It is for cutting paper.
It is yours.
It is old.
It will break.
It is dull.
It is strong.
It is heavy.
It is not nice.
The handle is made of wood.
It is black.
It cost about 50 cents.
I have used it.

Description of Pictures.

(Children write any thing they see.)

I.

A MAN PLOWING.

A man is plowing. He has two horses harnessed to the plow. The lines are round his neck. He is holding the plow with both hands. He has no coat on. His sleeves are rolled up. His pants are tucked in his boots. We can see a wagon in a shed. We can see a barn. The door is open. We can see a house. We can see two haystacks. A fence is around them all.

II.

THE SHORE.

It is a picture of land and water. We see a ship and a steamboat on the water. There are two men in a row-boat. What are they doing? I think they are fishing. We can see four cows on the land. Two of them are lying down. A man is carrying two pails. He has no coat on. It is summer. We see a man in a wagon driving two horses. The horses are trotting. There are some big trees near the house.

Advertisement.

I.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

COAL

\$3.75 PER TON

For Small Chestnut Coal.
Try a ton of Accommodation Chestnut Coal, only \$4.50 per ton.
Large Chestnut Coal, \$5 per ton.
Stove Coal, \$5.15 per ton.

The Accommodation Coal Company,
Office and yard, 210 West Hanover Street.

J. EDWIN FELL,
Manager.
Telephone 433.

1. What is this notice called?
2. Who put it in the paper?
3. What is it about?
4. What is Mr. Fell's business?
5. What does he sell?
6. How many sizes of coal can you name?
7. Which is the largest size and which is the smallest?
8. Which size do we use in the kitchen?
9. About how much does it cost?
10. How much is a ton?
11. Where is Mr. Fell's coal yard?

TRENTON HARDWARE CO.

(Successors to Dunn Hardware and Paint Co.)

Hardware, House-Furnishing Goods, Cutlery,
Heaters, Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Tiles, Wood and Slates Mantels,
Tin Roofing, Gas Fixtures,
Oil Cloths, &c., &c.

13 E. State St., TRENTON, N. J.

1. What is this notice called?
2. What is the name of the company?
3. What do they sell?

4. Name two articles of hardware.
5. What do we mean by cutlery?
6. Where is the store?
7. How far is it from here and in what direction?
8. Write a note asking them to send a man to your house to repair a leaky roof.

Geography.

LOCATION OF PLACES.

(on, in, between, without map.)

1. Trenton is on the Delaware River.
2. Trenton is on the Pennsylvania Railroad.
3. Mr. L. lives on Monmouth street.
4. Our school is between Chestnut street and Division street.
5. The creek is between us and the Normal School.

(with map.)

1. Trenton is in New Jersey.
2. Trenton is east of the Delaware River.
3. Trenton is west of the Atlantic Ocean.
4. Trenton is between New York and Philadelphia.

LAKES.

1. Have you ever seen a lake?
2. What is its name?
3. Where is it?
4. Have you sailed on it?
5. Is it a large lake?
6. Do people go there to fish?
7. Is the water salt?
8. Is it good to drink?
9. Is there land all around it?
10. Is the water deep?
11. How deep is it?

Examination Paper in Elementary History.

(There is a picture of the first battle of Bull Run pasted at the top of this question paper.)

1. What does this picture represent?
2. Where is Bull Run.
3. How many battles were fought here?
4. In what month and year was the first battle fought?
5. Who were the opposing force?
6. Which side was victorious?
7. Who commanded the Federals and who commanded the Confederates?
8. What was the war called?
9. How long did it last?
10. Which side finally gave up the fight?

Filling Blanks.

Fill each with the correct form of a verb.

1. The water in the pond is —?
2. Were the boy's feet —?
3. The books were — to me by the children.
4. The dress is too badly — to be repaired.
5. The slates were — by the boys.
6. The carpet was — by John's mother.
7. The witness was — in by the judge.
8. The boy was — by a mad dog.
9. The sled appears —.
10. The dress looks —.
11. The apples were —.
12. The horses were — last week.
13. The chicken was — by the fox.
14. Where have you — the paper?
15. The cloth will be — next week.
16. My pencil is —. I must get another.
17. The pencil was — by the fall.

18. The money was — from the box.
19. Very many apples have — from the tree.

Paragraphing.

(In these exercises the pupil is furnished with a newspaper clipping or short story and requested to change the construction if he can.)

ORIGINAL.

In the early history of the Wyoming Valley one of the first settlers, Noah Hopkins, being warned that the Indians were entering the valley, fled and crawled into the trunk of a large hollow tree. After killing the settlers the savages destroyed the settlement and drove off all the cattle. But providentially, or otherwise, after Mr. H. had entered the hollow tree, a spider wove a web across the entrance which, being noticed by the Indians, they made no further examination, and so Mr. Hopkins was saved.

A PUPIL'S VERSION.

Noah Hopkins was one of the first settlers in the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. He was warned that Indians were coming to the valley. He ran and entered a hollow-tree. The Indians killed the settlers, destroyed the settlement and drove all the cattle away. When Mr. H. entered the hollow-tree a spider spun a web over the hole. The Indians saw the spider on the web and they did not look into the hole. So Mr. H. escaped.

Rewrite the following sentences using intelligence for intelligent, wisdom for wise, beauty for beautiful, depth for deep, height for high.

1. She was very intelligent.
2. Solomon was a very wise man.
3. The ocean is very deep in some places.
4. Our flag-staff is about sixty feet high.
5. It is said that Mary Stuart was a very beautiful woman.

Changing Direct to Indirect Quotations, and Vice Versa.

1. "To-morrow will be my birthday," said she = She said to-morrow would be her birthday.

2. "I think," said Dr. Gaston, "that they have started out to hunt Jake, my carriage driver" = ?

3. Mr. J. told him not to go out. = ?

4. The gentleman asked where he lived. = ?

5. She said that she was afraid. =

Subjects to Talk about to the class in November, as the dates come round.

The Lisbon Earthquake, Nov. 1, 1755
Marie Antoinette born, " 2, 1755
W. C. Bryant born, " 3, 1794
Guy Fawkes Day, " 5, 1605
Schiller born, " 10, 1759
Luther born, " 10, 1483
Goldsmith born, " 10, 1728
Leibnitz born, " 14, 1646
Herschel born, " 15, 1738
Battle of Lutzen, " 16, 1615
" " Morgarten, " 16, 1332
Garfield born, " 19, 1831
Grace Darling born, " 24, 1815
L. M. Alcott born, " 29, 1832
C. W. Field born, " 30, 1819

TWO DEAF GIRLS.

ONE day, I was talking to Miss Julia A. Foley, a teacher in the Manual Department of the Pennsylvania Institution, and said that a certain pupil, whom I shall call Mary, was a psychological curiosity. Then Miss Foley told me that Mary and another of my pupils—let us call her Susan—were in her class of beginners ten years ago, and that she had kept in her diary a record of their progress. A few weeks later, she made a copy of this record, and gave it to me to use as I saw fit. Dr. William T. Harris, speaking of Professor Preyer's work, says, "Parents and teachers will find this method of observation invaluable, inasmuch as it will make experience constantly profitable." Teachers of the deaf will find Miss Foley's work has the same value—it makes experience profitable. I shall give the profession extracts from her recorded observations during the first year, 1895.

September 30, 1885.—Mary and Susan are two of my new pupils. Mary will be eight years old next April, and Susan will be eight very soon. They have been to school two weeks. The only thing remarkable about them is they became friends at first sight. Perhaps, I should add, they are both about as stupid as it is possible for deaf-mutes to be. Mary is a brunette, thin, pale, nervous, and careless, without the least idea of cleanliness, neatness, order, or respect for the rights of others. She is a perfect little fright. Her only redeeming quality, as a pupil is, she has curiosity—something deaf children woefully lack. I hope she will transmit some of it to Susan, who hasn't any. Mary's hair is about half an inch long. She looks as if she had just recovered from a severe spell of sickness which caused her hair to fall out. It appears to be coming out again, soft and thin like the first hair of a baby. She eats like a cowboy; is forever chewing something, bits of thread, paper, her sponge, or her slate-rag. She says she is hungry; she certainly appears to be. She is not affectionate, not attractive; I suppose that accounts for her lack of affection. People do not make a fuss over her as they generally do over children; therefore her affection has not been properly developed. She is positively cruel; she pulls the wings off flies, and rejoices to see them hop; she delights to see other children crying or in disgrace.

Susan is a blonde of the purest type, fat, rosy-cheeked, and indolent. She would sit all day without any expression on her face, if I did not compel her to move. She is very affectionate, likes to be caressed; but she is too indolent to return the caresses, or to exercise herself so as to be attractive. She never runs, plays, or observes what is going on around her. Her nose is rather small. She keeps her mouth open all the time, and her eyes half closed. I think her eyes are weak; she has catarrh.

The first evening that Mary and Susan were here they cried. I took them to my room, thinking that it would look more like home than the girls' sitting-room. I rocked and petted them, offered them fruit and candy, showed pretty pictures and ribbons; but still they wept. I had now appealed to three of their four

senses, and failed. There was only one more sense to appeal to, and that the lowest of the four: so I uncorked a bottle of cologne and held it near Mary's nose. She immediately took her apron from her eyes, stopped crying, and held out her hand for the bottle. Susan stopped crying to look at her. I held the bottle near Susan's face, and she smiled. Then I put some cologne on my handkerchief, and held out my hand for theirs. Susan made a fruitless search for hers: Mary gave me to understand that a handkerchief was a luxury which no one indulged in except the "beard man" at home on Sundays. It is not yet clear to me whether she meant the minister or her father. I shall certainly never think Mary guilty of carrying such an article. I put some cologne on their aprons; they became very friendly, and took some candy from me. When I led them back to the children they held up their aprons to be smelled, but did not show the candy. This does not speak well for their intelligence. The sense of smell is the most acute in the lower animals and in idiots.

October 15, 1885.—During the last two weeks, Miss Richards tried to see if Mary and Susan could be taught by the pure-oral method. She sent them back to me, saying: "Susan is stupid and weak-minded: Mary is unhealthy, nervous, and stupid." The word stupid means to me that a person's intelligence is blunted through non-use; and by weak-minded I understand that nature withheld something in the beginning. I do not agree with Miss Richards. Susan is certainly stupid, but not weak-minded. Mary is neither weak-minded nor stupid: her mind is simply undeveloped. Her bad health, no doubt, has prevented development. For a week, I have been giving her a cracker every two hours, and I see that half-starved look vanishing. There is as much difference between a stunted mind and a mind undeveloped as there is between stone and soft clay. I regard Mary as an active one-year-old child and Susan as a partly-paralyzed two-year-old child.

October 28, 1885.—Mary and Susan have had the freedom of my school-room for six weeks. Mary has discovered that every person as well as every thing has a written name as well as a sign. She can say nearly everything in signs, but Susan cannot. Susan did not have any natural signs when she entered school, but Mary did.

November 10, 1885.—I have been giving the children some of the old Hutton exercises to quicken their wits. In addition, I show pictures of things that I think are familiar at their homes, and encourage them to talk about their homes. Mr. Foster told me that this shows them the real use of language. Pointing at things does not have the same effect. The pupils are telling me about things that they know I have not seen, of which they know I am ignorant. Mary looks at the pictures and talks about them, but never refers to anything beyond her institution experience. She never mentions home. I wonder if the shock of being among strangers has blotted out the past!

November 25, 1885.—Today, Mary wrote *cat* from a copy. I wrote *c* with red crayon, *a* with white, and *t* with blue. She was so pleased with bright colored crayons that she actually saw the difference between the let-

ters. Till today, all letters were as *t*'s and *m*'s to her. She cannot yet see the difference between a horizontal line and a vertical one. Susan is no further advanced. Susan can make *a* from a copy: she makes *o* and puts a tail to it. She will not attempt to make *t*. I cannot understand why, for *t* is easy: unless it is because her will fails her. She has very little will power.

November 26, 1885.—Susan tried *t* today, would not try *o*.

December 10, 1885.—Susan and Mary have been writing two hours each day for two weeks. They use colored crayons. Susan writes better than Mary with a copy to look at, but cannot write without one. Mary can. From what I know of them, if Susan should commit anything to memory it would prove a stumbling block; not so with Mary.

December 15, 1885.—Mary knows the difference between a long slate-pencil and a short one. When one breaks her own she exchanges it for the pencil of another girl. She also knows enough to deny a fault; Susan doesn't.

December 23, 1885.—Today, Susan dropped her pencil through the hole for the ink-well. Instead of putting her hand into her desk to get it, she tried to reach it through the hole. This unfortunate accident brought tears to her eyes. This amused Mary very much. She said, "Stupid! put your hand into your desk, and get your pencil." (The reader should bear in mind that nearly all these pupils said was in signs.—H.T.) Susan insisted that her pencil was in the hole, not in the desk. Then Mary got the pencil, and showed how anything dropping through the hole would fall into the desk. Susan had sat at the desk for three months, but had never made this remarkable discovery!

January 6, 1886.—Mary knows and can write ten nouns. I gave the class three new verbs yesterday—*ran*, *fell*, *cried*. This morning, Mary brought me two new ones—*walked* and *laughed*. I discovered that she had also added, without my aid, five nouns to her vocabulary. This is encouraging; as soon as a child does this I should say she is well started. Susan has five nouns and two verbs; but she has not yet brought me any interest on them.

January 11, 1886.—So far, I have followed the Hutton method of cultivating in my pupils a desire to know; but I think I shall soon have to put a brake on Mary's curiosity. Susan is beginning to look around and take notice. She will leave her seat, without a command from me, to look at something for the children to have.

January 15, 1886.—I have been using the Job Turner method this week, and the children are delighted with it. Mary in particular. Susan, too, wakes up to ask what the pictures represent. I gave Mary a cent today on condition that she would play horse with Susan. I told her to make Susan run a long time. She played with Susan for a few minutes, and then put the harness on another girl. I called her in and asked her why she was not playing with Susan. She replied that she wanted to play "horse," not "mule." Susan was slow, ran a few steps, and stopped like a fat mule.

January 19, 1886.—Mary is slow to anger, but her will is developing won-

derfully. Susan lacks will power, but she is stubborn. (Preyer says, in the "Mind of the Child," that stubbornness is not necessarily an indication of will, but imitation is.—H.T.) Not in the sense that is generally understood by this word, but she is stubborn because she has not the power to make her body obey commands. Her perception is not good; she is absent-minded. It is commonly believed that a stubborn person has great strength of mind, but this notion is erroneous. Susan, in reality, is a weakling. I am training her perception by touch and taste as well as by sight.

January 30, 1886. The touch-and-taste training is a success. Susan used to eat candy with the same expression that she had when eating bread and butter. Today, we had a game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I will tell you something to make you wise." If Susan is not wiser now it is not my fault. I touched her tongue with quinine! It brought her to her senses. She said that I was bad. Heretofore, she always cried when any one injured her, but never said anything. This is the first time she has ever shown any resentment. Mary, on the other hand, cries very little when injured, but hammers back in her own way which is by no means gentle.

February 3, 1886.—A few days ago, Mr. Walker gave Susan an apple. Mary saw him. Susan held it for a while as if too lazy to eat it. Mary went up to her, and, in the most pleasing signs, said, "Apple look sour—sour apple—give you cramp. Let me see apple. Good!" Susan handed it to her. In an instant, Mary disappeared, and I flew after her. When I caught up she was standing on the window-sill in the girls' sitting room, wiping her mouth on her sleeve. I demanded the apple. Mary opened both hands, held up her apron, and invited me to search her pockets. I said, "You stole Susan's apple; I will punish you. Whip! don't care—can't get apple! Susan fool—don't know enough to eat apple. Lazy—can't run—punish!" I did not punish Mary, but went back and shook Susan for not knowing enough to give chase.

February 15, 1886.—For two months, Dr. Burnett has been treating Mary for a discharge from the ears. I believe the discharge has ceased; but she still looks feverish. Mary thinks he is going to make her hear. She asked me today how big several of the teachers were when they began to hear. And added that it is sweet to hear. Then she wanted to know why I did not go to a doctor. I questioned the nurse, and learned that he had been testing her with tubes and bells.

February 26, 1886.—I have taught Mary and Susan thirty nouns, ten adjectives, fifteen verbs, and all the singular pronouns. Today, I examined both carefully, and found that Mary knew and could write seventy nouns, twenty-five verbs, and thirty adjectives. Susan had only twenty nouns, ten verbs, and fifteen adjectives. She knew only six of the adjectives that I had taught her. The nine new ones expressed nice qualities; the four she had forgotten were *stupid*, *cross*, *ugly*, *lazy*. The six she had remembered were *good*, *bad*, *cold*, *smart* and *pretty*, (and one not given in the record.—H.T.) The new ones

she had picked up out of the school were *new, blue, happy, nice, sweet, warm, yellow, red, white*. The twenty new adjectives Mary had were *fast, slow, young, old, fat, lean, ugly, red, yellow, white, sick, well, sour, sly, weak, hungry, dirty, rude, angry, queer*. Mary's new verbs all expressed violent or rude acts. Susan had no new verbs.

March 2, 1886.—Last week, Mary told Susan, "You are stupid." Susan replied in signs, "You stupid the same." Mary laughed and said, "You can't spell; spell hurts signs." Susan spelled, "You bad." Mary ran off. I wonder why Mary thinks that English is a stronger weapon than signs.

March 9, 1886.—Mary knows the names of Mr. Crouter, Mr. Walker and Mr. Zeigler. There are no boys in the class. I asked her one day what was Mr. Booth's name; and she spelled "Mr. Boother." I corrected her, and thought no more about it. Today, Mr. Lewis came into the room, and by way of introducing him to the class, I wrote his name on the large slate. After he had gone Mary said, "Gentleman saw mistake;" and going to the slate, added *er* to Lewis. Some time ago, I tried to impress upon my pupils that *Mr.* is a part of every man's name and *Mrs.* or *Miss* of every woman's. Mary got it into her head that *er* is also man's special property! I now recall her asking what *dressmaker* meant. I said that Miss Lewis is a *dressmaker*. She replied, "Miss Lewis is not man." I told Miss Lewis about it this evening. She said that not long ago Mary asked her if she (Miss Lewis) had ever worn trousers or had a beard.

March 15, 1886.—Susan is beginning to show some originality. I drew a house today with a door and one window in front. Susan added two windows, and told me where she slept, where her mother cooked, and where the company sat. This is remarkable, for I had not said anything about home; I only wanted to show the children what *house* meant. Susan thinks a great deal about home. Mary has not yet mentioned the subject.

I have been telling cat, dog, chicken, and dogs stories for over a week to get my children to write something original about their home life. All speak in some way of the wonders of home except Mary, who has never mentioned father, mother, or anything connected with her life prior to coming to the institution. Can it be that her mental development has been so rapid that her former life has faded entirely for her memory? I have questioned every body she plays with: all say she never speaks of home. Often I ask her; but she makes no reply, or says she does not know.

April 13, 1886.—It snowed a little today. Mrs. T. was angry at her pupils because they did not know the name of snow. She lead a big girl into my room, and pointing to the snow, asked my pupils, "What is the name of —?" None of them, know Mary looked around the room. Finally, her eyes fell upon a box half filled with small pieces of crayons. Then she spelled, "cold crayons."

Last Sunday, Mr. Lewis came into the sitting-room to see the children. None of the girls were there to receive him. I tried to entertain him by telling him what the little ones talk about when by themselves. He was interested; and asked me if Mary could write. I told her to get her slate, and write for Mr. Lewis. She wrote the names of several things.

Finally, he held up his glove. She thought a moment and wrote "hand." We laughed at this. Her second effort was, "Black hand soft." It was a black kid glove. She invents names and never says, "I don't know," if she can help it.

April 28, 1886.—Mr. Walker took my pupils to the Temple theatre today. They had never been in a theatre before, and were delighted at the performance, which consisted largely of singing and dancing. On their return, all tried the heel and toe step—even Susan began to prance.

Mary came to me after supper, and calmly announced that she would no longer be deaf and dumb. "I talk," she said, "'Miss Richards teach me talk.'" I took her to Miss Richards, and explained. Miss Richards said she had no room for another pupil. Mary ran off, feeling hurt. When I saw her again she was in disgrace. The supervisor had come upon her while she was practicing the Highland fling, accompanied with vocal gymnastics at the top of her voice.

May 15, 1886.—Today Mary informed me that she could talk. I asked for an exhibition of her vocal power, and she immediately said, "cat," "cow," and "baby." She would not tell who had taught her until I would promise to ask Miss C., an oral teacher, to give her lessons in articulation. For over a week, Mary had been taking lesson from Emma Labree, one of Miss Richards' pupils. If she can learn this much from an ignorant little girl, why can't she learn more from an oral teacher?

I continue to give Mary crackers during school hour when she has one of her nervous spells. The crackers have proved to be a tonic. She is getting stouter, but is still very pale. I let her play in school when she gets tired. It is warm now, and she is so much like a baby.

I cannot keep an account of all the words that Mary learns. The language I give her in school is only a sort of gymnastic exercise.

HARRIS TAYLOR.

[We shall be glad to furnish a copy of this number to each member of the Association for child-study. We have tried to get a list of the members, but have not been able to do so.—ED. WORKER.]

How shall we tell an angel
From another guest?
How, from the common worldly herd,
One of the blest?

Hint of suppressed halo,
Rustle of hidden wings,
Wafture of heavenly frankincense—
Which of these things?

The old Sphinx smiled so subtly:
"I give no golden rule,
Yet would I bid thee, world, treat well
Whom than call'st fool!"

—Gertrude Hall, in McClure's.

"When I play good Samaritan again," said an aggrieved friend, "it will be because I have lost my senses."

"I was walking through Bryant Park last Thursday and saw a beautiful little girl quietly at play. She slipped on her hoop and fell into a puddle, sadly begriming her dainty silk coat. Her nurse had been reading a novel, paying no heed to her,

but when little one brought to her notice the soiled garment she flew into violent rage and shook and slapped the child. I was surprised that the pretty one made no outcry, and burned with indignation at the cruel act. "Resolving to let her mistress know, I followed them home and sent up my card. The house was an elegant one, the woman who came down to see me a dignified and evidently well brought up woman. When I told her the nature of my errand she grew haughty, and in most indignant manner accused me of saying what was not true. "I do not know what your motive is," she said, with flashing eyes, "but my little girl is deaf and dumb and Mary loves her too dearly to ill-treat her. I shall not insult my servant by even confronting you with her. It would be well, Madame if you remembered that tale bearers are worse than tale makers."

"Such is the fate of those who yield to impulse."

—New York Herald.

DEAF.

I often think it must be sweet,

The tones of happy birds to hear,
When from a lofty bough they greet
The sun-rays that through clouds appear;

For I have thought that even I,

When clouds their shadows o'er me fling,

If cheering sunlight swept them by,

Sweet songs of gratitude could sing,

And, if my heart to song be wrought,

When grateful thoughts my bosom fill,

What melodies by nature taught—

From feathered choristers must thrill,

But these to hear is not for me.

Alas! I hear not—yet I see.

For others I can freely feel,

And gladly strive to save them pain;

To further, if can, their weal,

And all my selfishness restrain,

From social throes I often shrink—

That else would pleasure give to me—

Because it is a pain to think

That I, unwillingly, may be

A weary trial and a tax

On patience, strength and courtesy;

And, seeming in politeness lax,

In gentleness or modesty,

No; my misfortune is my own,

And I will bear it all alone.

Ah! I have seen in days gone by—

What gave me pain, but ne'er offense,

And wakened many a heavy sigh—

A titt'ring smile at my expense,

And some of those who sport can find

In my misfortune,—me perplex—

(And who forgot I was not blind)

We're of the fairer, gentler sex!

And I confess it pained me sore—

They had forgotten for the time—

That though the burden which I bore

My sorrow was, it was no crime.

I pray that heaven these may save

From pain and stings like those they

gave.

I am not sensitive I think,

Nor does my burden bear me down,

The cup is mine and I must drink,

Why should I shudder, flee, or frown,

I cannot shun it, if I could,

'Tis best the burden should be mine,

And so it is with all life's ills,

In fortune, frown or cold reverse,

'Tis best to hear what heaven wills,

And thankful be it is no worse.

And in this thought I comfort find,

Though deaf, I am not dumb or blind.

—Selected.

At a Deaf-Mute Festival in Newark.

The progress of deaf-mute education has changed a great deal the social attitude of New Jersey's silent folks. Ten years ago, even in the great cities of Newark and Jersey city, there did not exist any organization for the advancement of the deaf. Sociables were unknown in those days. The intelligent class of the deaf journeyed to New York City where they were members of one or more societies, which city has and still boasts of more deaf-mute organizations than any other city in the world. But at that time the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes was in its infancy. Today the bright boys and girls that have graduated from the young State School for the Deaf are every where noticeable, and never more so than at the Pic-nic of the New Jersey Society of Deaf-Mutes, at Roseville Park, Newark, N. J., on the 31st of August last. Indeed, it would have done Prof. Jenkins, the Principal, good to have seen how his former pupils conducted the management of the picnic. They were here and everywhere and talked with their New York friends on various topics of the day, which clearly showed that they were up to the times. In the athletic contest, they not only took a prominent part, but also had a great deal to do in bringing the affair to a successful termination.

It would be out of place here to give a list of those who were present, as it would take up too much of the WORKER's valuable space. However, it must not be lost sight of that it was probably the largest gathering of deaf-mutes in New Jersey for some time.

Of course the affair was successful, both financially and socially, and now already there is a talk of engaging Schutzen Park, on Union Hill, N. J., for next year's festival and games. During the winter it is very likely that the society will be heard of in some way or other.

Mr. Charles J. L. LeClercq, the deaf illustrator who designed the neat and artistic heading of this paper, was married on the 20th of October to Miss Louisa Schreiber. They will be "At Home" after November 1st.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work—in our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.—Jacobi.

A good disposition is more valuable than gold; for the latter is the gift of fortune, but the former is the dower of nature.—Addison.

Modesty is bred in self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None are truly great without this ornament.—A. B. Alcott.

Think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure.—C. Kingsley.

In The Mystic Land of Silence,

A ROMANCE

BY ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM

EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH DEAF-MUTE."

Illustrated by Alexander McGregor, a Deaf-Mute.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

IT happened one evening during our stay in the neighbourhood of the Thian Shan mountains, where we were camping. The evening meal had just been concluded, and in accordance with his usual custom Akalabo had taken himself off for the purpose of enjoying a ramble among the villagers.

We were seated within the tent, indulging in a comforting smoke, and to enable us to pass the hours of semi-darkness pleasantly one of our native servants, Hasi, volunteered to tell us a story—which, by the way, he declared to be strictly true, and was greatly offended when we chaffed him for believing in these old legends. My father interpreted the story to me.

I will not tire my readers with the long-winded recital our servant favoured us with; the following is the substance of Hasi's very remarkable story. Beyond the mountains of Thibet, where no man had ever been able to penetrate, there was a nation of strange people who are so enormously wealthy that their streets are paved with metals like unto our gold and silver, and whose palaces are inlaid with precious stones, whose women are embodied poems of beauty and the men noble to look upon. These mysterious people have tongues, but speak not; ears, but hear not. They converse by signs.

"Who told you this curious story?" asked my father, when Hasi had concluded.

"It was told," replied Hasi, "by signs to the inhabitants of a village near Cashmere, by two men of beautiful countenance who had been banished from this land because of disobedience, some two hundred years ago; and again, about twenty years back, by a man who was found wandering on the mountains of Thibet; he could neither hear nor speak, but conversed by signs. He also had been banished for disobedience."

"Then you mean us to understand that these men were deaf-mutes like my son here?"

"Yes, they neither heard or spoke, but by signs."

"What became of the last man who was banished from this mysterious land?"

"He remained in our village until he was murdered by a band of robbers, because he refused to conduct them to the entrance of this city of wealth."

"Did he not try to return?"

"No. Whenever he was persuaded to return he invariably replied, 'For punishment was I expelled from my land; I will submit to the laws of the just rulers, that hereafter I may be admitted to the Land of Waiting.'"

"What other particulars did this man give of his wonderful country?"

"It was always difficult to get him to converse about his native land. He, however, confessed that they had no armies, and no weapons, and that war was unknown to them. When he found this made the robbers more anxious to visit the land, he refused to tell them more, and in their anger these ferocious and bloodthirsty barbarians slaughtered him."

"Has no attempt been made to find an entrance to this land?"

"Yes, hundreds of times; in fact, numbers of tribes are ever on the watch, ever searching for an entrance. They firmly believe in the story. Some have bangles of gold which were torn from the arms of the man they murdered, and when unbelievers doubt the existence of this strange people these bangles are produced as proofs that such people do live beyond the mountains. Up to the present every attempt to get beyond the mountains has utterly failed."

My father contented himself by remarking with an incredulous air, "It's but an old legend which has so often been told that even the inventors of the story themselves believe it true."

But the earnestness of our servant convinced me that there must be some truth in the story. It excited my curiosity to a considerable extent, and I determined, if such a place existed, I would not rest content until I had seen it. Little did I imagine then that I should spend many years of my life with this strange people.

We were quietly enjoying our pipes, and thinking of the marvellous story of Hasi, when our tent was suddenly surrounded by hordes of fierce-looking men, carrying swords of an ugly size and shape. Without a word of warning they were upon us. The very first to fall was my poor father; he was run through the body with one of their swords by one man, and stun-

ned the robbers acting as guards over me. On seeing me move, food was brought and handed to me, which I readily ate. For two weeks and two days we travelled on and on, I knew not whither. Three times a day they loosed my hands and gave me food; then when I had finished my meal they rebound me.

That I grieved much for the loss of my dear father it is quite unnecessary for me to tell; I am sure my readers will readily understand my anguish, for we have all at some time or other experienced the pangs of grief. I will not, therefore, dwell on my own sufferings, but leave it to the imagination of the reader.

Of myself I thought little. Something seemed to tell me that my faithful friend and servant Akalabo would not rest until he had found me, and used every effort in his power to rescue me, and I was also agreeably aware that once Akalabo made up his mind to do a thing the odds against him would have to be tremendous if he was prevented from doing it.

When Akalabo reached the village he immediately saw that something unusual

gone. Although footsore, weary, and exhausted, the poor fellow could not rest until he knew definitely what had taken place during his absence. He cast his eyes rapidly about him in the hope of coming across something that would give him an idea as to what had happened. He was not long in finding a sign, for on the ground where the tent had been were several spots of blood. There was also a track of blood leading to a crevice in the mountains. Following the track, he soon found, hidden away in the crevice, the bodies of his master and fellow-servants, but no sign of me could he trace. He searched in the pockets of my father's clothing, only to find that the money and papers had already been extracted. Covering up the bodies as well as he could, Akalabo proceeded to examine the ground in the hope of finding some trace of the robbers' footsteps, and to his great joy he succeeded, and, exhausted as he was, he followed the trail up hill and down dale, first running, then walking across the ledges of mountains, across plains, and swimming through streams. Lips pressed together, and dogged determination shining in his eyes, he rushed on and on all through the dreadful lonely night. The terrible strain was beginning to tell on him, man of mighty strength though he was. Such exertions could not last forever. Fortunately, just as the faithful fellow was acknowledging his inability to go on farther the dawn began to break, and not long after he came in sight of an encampment consisting of two tents erected in a valley and guarded by four or five men. One of the tents he recognised as that belonging to his late master.

Knowing that it would be folly for him to even endeavor to proceed further, especially in his exhausted condition, he decided to rest his weary limbs until he saw signs of moving at the encampment, when he would follow at a respectable distance until a favourable opportunity presented itself, so that he could make a sudden onslaught and rescue me from the power of the robbers.

For two long weeks Akalabo pursued the robbers without once being able to get sufficiently near to effect my rescue.

Not a shadow of an opportunity presented itself, but Akalabo did not despair, and so at last he was rewarded for his diligence and watchfulness.

On the second night of the third week, whilst we were camping on the borders of the Thibetan Mountains, an awful storm arose. The wind swept every thing before it, and the rain came down in torrents; it kept the robbers busy during that time to prevent the tents and utensils from being swept away. For three hours the storm continued, so that when the elements were again calm the robbers forgot every thing, and, being worn out with the night's work, were soon sound asleep.

[To be continued.]

BURIED TREASURES.

I dug a grave one day
And buried Love in it deep away.
The flow'r of Faith hidden in my breast,
That, too, I laid at rest.

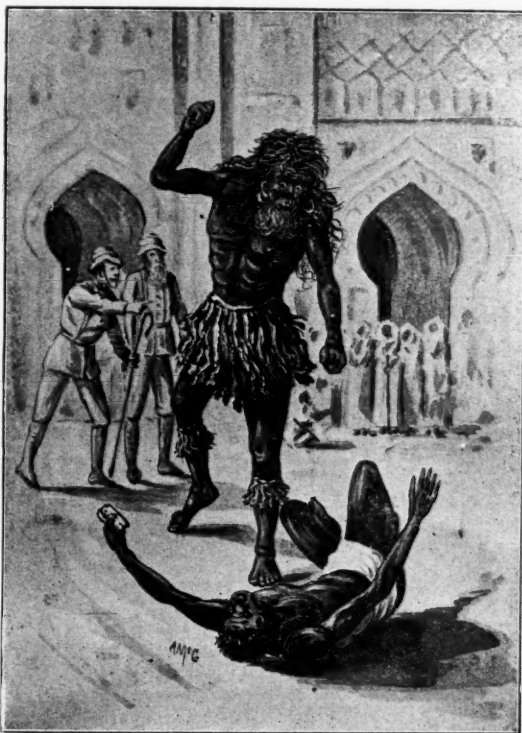
Love I had met on my lonely way;
My heart was hungry—night became day!
Ah, love, why did you fade so soon?
Life is empty—I'm alone!

Faith had come like a ray of light,
Making all the world seem bright;
But the light soon went—the shadow came,
Life was never the same again.

"Good-bye," lost Faith, sweet tender flower.
Softly sleep 'neath thy shady bower;
In thy grave lies Hope sublime—
Fond memory only is mine.

"Farewell!" dear Love—my heart's pure rose,
I've buried you—the rest God knows.
Eternal sleep is thy portion in life;
Mine the bitter endless strife!

—Isabelle Hatch.



AKALABO KNOCKING DOWN THE THIEF—See Page 14, September Issue.

ned on the head by another; neither lived to tell the story, for like a flash I had drawn my revolver and shot them both down. But what could two servants and myself do against a dozen or more powerful and fierce well-armed men? I emptied every chamber of my revolver in their midst and had the satisfaction of seeing two more of the enemy fall.

In less than two minutes both of the servants were lying dead at my feet. To my surprise these robbers—for such I supposed them to be—did not attempt to kill me, but made every effort to take me captive, and in spite of my resistance they soon overpowered me and laid me, bound hand and foot, on the ground. One of them produced from his pocket a bottle in which was a crimson coloured liquid, some of which he poured on my handkerchief, and pressed it to my nostrils. I felt as though they were trying to choke me. I could not breathe; presently I ceased struggling and felt that I was losing consciousness. Then every thing was blank.

CHAPTER IV.

Having taken possession of the tent and other utensils, the robbers bound me hand and foot, lifted me upon the back of one of their companions, and proceeded on the way that leads to Thibet.

When memory returned to me I found myself lying in our own tent, with two of

had happened, and as he was now able to communicate with the villagers—thanks to the instruction I had given him—he entered into conversation—by means of signs—with the more talkative men and women. It was not long before he understood what had caused the excitement. A couple of travellers had just returned from the mountains of Thibet, claiming to have seen and conversed with two men from the Land of Silence. These men, however, refused to accompany the travellers and when urgently pressed to do so, fled to the mountains.

It was also noised amongst the villagers that I also was from the Land of Silence, and that the English traveller was using me as a guide to this place of untold wealth and that the robbers, believing this story to be true, had gathered together the fiercest and strongest of their band, and set off that very evening for the purpose of killing my father and his servants, and taking me prisoner, and forcing me to take them to the Land of Silence.

How they succeeded in the first part of their wicked plan, my readers are already aware, but whether the latter part of their plan succeeded remains to be seen.

Finding that he could get no more information respecting the doings of this band of robbers, Akalabo bid the villagers adieu, and with great speed returned to the place of encampment, only to find the tent removed and his masters

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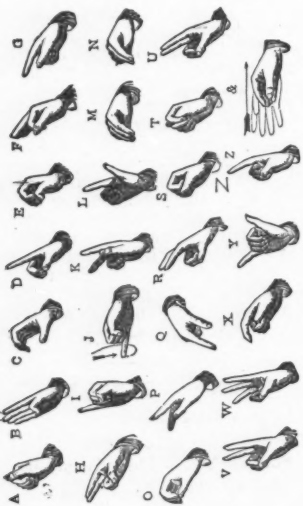
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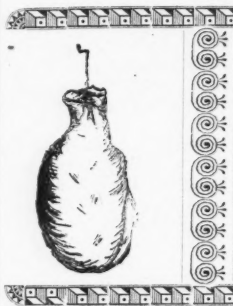
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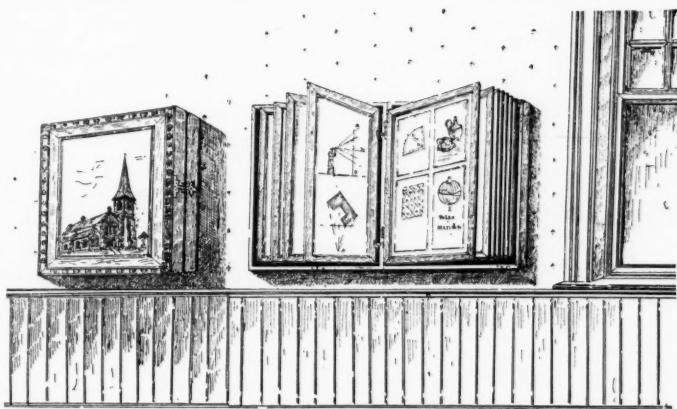
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